

# **Just To Make Her Jealous**

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## **Just To Make Her Jealous by royalstanley**

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**Summary:**

“I n-need you.” Bill says. “Date m-me.”

Stan can’t believe it. Finally.

“Yeah. Yes. Please.”

He’s picked up on his signals, the touches, the small gestures. He goes to reach out for Bill, his friend, someone he’s loved since he could define the term.

“I want t-to make B-B-Bev jealous.”

His yearning for Bill’s touch falters, his heart pounds. Beverly. Her. Not me.

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### Author's Note:

lil bit of angst for ya! (but its happy at the end i promise)

hope you all enjoy!

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Richie grins. “It’s about time. I’m sick of Stan talking about you like some lovesick little shit.”

Bill is confused. Stan only has to give Richie a look, and he knows. No one ever expects him to be so caring, so intuitive, but he knows.

He coughs awkwardly. “Kidding. I’m just saying that to hide my undying love for you, Bill.”

Bill’s expression clears, and he laughs.

“S-Shut up, Richie.”

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They're sitting in Mike's house, laughing and drinking. Bill is looking over at Beverly with a soft expression, and Stan fucking hates it. She knows they're together now and nothing has changed. If anything she presses closer to Ben, snuggles up with Richie more, holds Eddie's hand when he's upset, gives Mike more chaste kisses on the cheek. Stan gets nothing - he's okay with that.

He tries to see what Bill sees. Sure, she's wonderful. Kind. Beautiful. One of the best friends Stan has ever had. But never someone to love like that.

He whispers in Bill's ear.

“Kiss me. Now. It'll make her jealous.”

He knows Beverly isn't looking. Knows she's getting up to have a smoke with Richie.

“B-But...Stan-”

Stan grabs him by the collar and yanks him forward. Their noses are touching, their breath is mingled together. Bill's eyes are glazed over. He's staring at Stan's lips while simultaneously running his tongue over his own.

Before he can protest, their lips are smashed together. Stan wants to open his mouth, wants to see if Bill will go any further. But he doesn't. Because when he pulls away, he feels like his friend's eyes were open the entire time.

He can hear the whoops and cheers of his friends, but his mind is filled with thoughts of disaster rather than celebration.

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“Spin the bottle!” Ben whoops, placing the instrument of fate on the floor.

Stan doesn’t have to look over, because he can picture Bill’s eager expression. Knows it all too well by now. Knows how Bill describes every inch of Beverly, his eyes alight with excitement.

(Not love. Please not love.)

His friend’s hand seizes the bottle. He’s shaking. Is he eager, or nervous? Both answers would be terrible.

*One spin.*

*Two spins.*

*Three spins.*

“Beverly!”

She smiles shyly and tucks a lock of hair behind her ear; he’s practically vibrating on the spot. They crawl towards each other. Beverly is laughing, but Bill is determined, and Stan knows he is mirroring the expression he adopted when he kissed the boy Beverly is taking away from him one day at a time.

*They're too close, too fucking close, Stan can't breathe, he has to go-*

He runs out of the house and doubles over, nearly puking on the grass sprayed with dew. If he tries really hard to listen, he hears the gang murmuring nervously, and Bill faintly saying "I'll go."

Stan sits on the steps, and the tears flow naturally, just like they do every night. There is the ghost of a hand on his shoulder.

"S-Stan...What-"

Stan wipes furious tears away from his eyes. "Go. Go kiss Bev. I'm fine."

Bill is so dramatic, creative blood runs through his veins. He thinks if he kisses Beverly his destiny will be sealed, he'll become her prince charming and he can leave his broken friend in the dust.

Fantasy always wins over reality. So he leaves Stan, and runs inside.

By the time he's back the bottle is gone, and they're watching TV.

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"Maybe we should," Stan closes his eyes and breathes out slowly, praying it'll work, "give each other hickies. For Beverly."

"Y-Yeah," Bill echoes. "For B-B-Beverly."

Bill writhes underneath him as he kisses and sucks on his neck, and Stan is probably being rougher than he should be - but this is the only chance he'll ever get to make him feel like this.

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“I-I’ve never d-d-done this with a-anyone before.”

“It’s okay. I don’t count. Beverly will be your first.”

It’s what Bill tries to tell himself when Stan is making him gasp and moan, he tries to imagine Beverly’s slim figure on top of him. But all he can see, maybe all he wants to see, is a boy’s frame, a boy with curly hair and gentle hands, his best friend.

He pretends the name he whispers begins with a *B* and not an *S*.

*It’s okay. I don’t count. Beverly will be your first.*

*It’s okay. I don’t count.*

*It’s okay.*

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Stan doesn’t bother to broadcast the marks on his chest in front of her - they’re just for him. He notices Bill barely shows them either. Every now and then, he catches him running his hands over the ones on his stomach, neck, the clandestine bruises on his thighs (Bill doesn’t want to talk about those, but his whimpers of *Please, Stan* certainly weren’t words of rejection).

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Bill’s hands are twisting nervously in his lap. She’s sitting next to him on his bed, waiting for his news patiently. Just before he opens his

mouth he realises that his heart isn't pounding as much as it should be. He smells her perfume, something that would usually make him sigh, intoxicate him like the world's most effective love potion, but now it just smells like vanilla and cherries.

He pushes these thoughts away and tries to romanticise every part of her, like he used to. He sees the violent spray of freckles. Sees the wild array of hair surrounding her perfectly structured face. Sees the alluring brightness of her blue eyes. But that's all he does. Sees.

*But this is fate, Bill thinks. Ever since third grade it's been leading up to this.*

The words are false on his tongue, but he's come so far that he needs to say them regardless.

"I-I think I love y-y-you, Beverly."

*I think.*

She holds his hand and kisses it. There's no jolt of electricity running through his veins.

"No, you don't."

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"K-Kiss me."



“Beverly’s not here.”

“I know.”